

FAREWELL SONGS OF

JENNY LIND

IN

AMERICA.

WITH NEW ACCOMPANIMENTS BY

JULES BENEDET.

INCLUDING

1. JOHN ANDERSON MY JOE.  
2. COMIN THRD THE RYE.

3. THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.  
4. AULD ROBIN GRAY.

5. HOME SWEET HOME.

*This is the only correct Edition containing/ by Miss Lind's  
permission all the changes ornaments &c. introduced by her.*

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## AULD ROBIN GREY.

As sung by Miss Lind.

## RECITATIVE. ANDANTE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

When the sheep are in the fauld, And a' the kye at hame,

And all the wea-ry world a-sleep is gane; The wae o' my

heart fall in showers frae my ée, While my gudeman sleep sound by me.

## LARGHETTO.

Young

Jemie loed me weel and ask'd me for his bride, But su'ring a Crown he had

*pp*

naething-else be side... To make the Crown a Pound, my Jemie went to sea, And the

Crown and the Pound, were baith for... me. He had nae been gone, but a

*p*

year and a day, When my fa-ther brake his arm and our cow was stole a way: My

mither she fell sick and Jamie at the sea, And auld Robin Grey camea courting to me.

*pp*

My father coudnae wark and my mither coud nae spin,.... I

*pp*

toiled day and night, but their bread I coud nae win, . . Auld Robin fed 'em baith and wi'

tears in his e'e, Said Jeany for their sake, O.... pray mar ry me. He

heart it said nae And I look'd for Jamie back. But the wind it blew hard and his

ship was a wreck, His ship was a wreck: why did nae Jea ny die? And

why was shepard to.... cry wae is me?

3

My father urged me sair, but my mither did nae speak,  
 But she look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break;  
 See they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,  
 And auld Robin Grey was a gude man to me.  
 I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,  
 When sitting sae mournfully out my ain door,  
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I could nae think it he,  
 Till he said I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

4

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,  
 We tuck but ae kiss, and we tore oursels away;  
 I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to die.  
 O why was I born to say wae's me?  
 I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin,  
 I dare nae think o' Jamie for that would be a sin:  
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
 For auld Robin Grey, is very kind to me.

